

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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Editor

The United States Senate on a Big Jamboree.

The following graphic account from the Knoxville Tribune will explain how the business of the country is attended to by the drunkards that we send to Washington to represent us.

I don't know whether "our Jo" and our John G. were "in it" or not.

It seems to me that I have heard their names mentioned in connection with the use of stimulants.

The account is as follows:

DRUNKENNESS IN THE SENATE.

Enough "cold tea" has probably been consumed in the various rooms and recesses of the Nation's capital building to float the navy. While many of the Nation's law makers are total abstainers many of them are familiar with the musical gurgles of the jug and are accustomed to look upon the ardent when it is red, and to tarry at the wine when it giveth its color in the cup. Our Prohibition friends will doubtless read the following extract from the letter of a Chicago Herald correspondent with bitter pain and tearful sighs of regret. In truth it is not pleasant reading for anybody who believes in common decency.

The triumph of the silver men in the Senate was marked by a consumption of whisky almost without parallel in the annals of the Senate chamber. At least a dozen grave and reverend Senators were so much under the influence of liquor that their condition was easily noticeable by their manner and speech. Two or three were actually drunk. Night sessions always bring on more or less guzzling among Senators, but it is said by old habitués of the Capitol that the record was broken last night. Both Democrats and Republicans were among the offenders, and while more of the bibulous Senators were silver men, celebrating their approaching triumph, the guzzling was by no means confined to their ranks. Where the whisky was kept no one appears to know, but there can be no great mystery about this, for it is an open secret that wines and liquors are sold by the drink and bottle at the Senate restaurant, notwithstanding the rule against it. In addition to this, bottles and jugs are kept in many committee rooms, and it is even rumored that last night there was a snug little sideboard in one of the cloak rooms. Among the Senators who had a large load of intoxicants aboard was one of the oldest and most famous statesmen from New England. His nose was a fiery red, and as his wont, he sat snuggled well down in his chair, twirling his thumbs and rubbing his proboscis, the while making satirical and humorous remarks about the proceedings. Some of his comments were such as to set those who heard them in a roar, and no pretense of admonishing the Senator to respect the dignity of the chamber was made by the presiding officer. These remarks were often made in such loud tones as to be easily heard by the occupants of the galleries, and the laughter extended from Senators to spectators.

Another Senator who has been conspicuous among the advocates of free coinage was nearly drunk, and sat in his chair endeavoring with ill success to keep awake and alert. He sprawled his legs far apart and every minute or two exhaled in such quantities and with such great force, and with such utter recklessness, that those about him moved away to a safer distance. Once in a while this Senator roused himself and made some remarks, which, thanks to the skill and generosity of the official reporters, read very smoothly in the Congressional Record. Another Senator from a State not so

very far west of the Allegheny Mountains was determined to take part in the discussion, though he was not in condition to say a half dozen intelligible words. It being certain that if he once took the floor he would disgrace himself, a number of his colleagues sat vigilantly and persistently on his coat tails. One of the oldest Senators from a Southern State had in his skin about all he could carry, and a Senator from a far Western State tried his level best to keep awake, but was wholly unable to do so. When it came his turn to vote his neighbors had to nudge him vigorously, and in response to his name he grunted out a yes or nay that could not be distinguished a dozen feet away. One Senator was carefully kept in the cloak room by his colleagues and made his appearance under escort only when he was wanted. One Senator was not only laboring under the influence of liquor, but lost his temper, and at one time the chances were very good for a fistfight between two distinguished Republican statesmen. Taken all in all, the scene was one which reflects anything but credit on the American Congress.

A TOUGH JOINT

Is G. W. Gray's Saloon, on Main Street, According to Chief Lusby.

Meeting of the Police Committee Last Night—Disappearance of the Parrot Wagon Ordinance, But the Black Maria Will be Purchased at Once.

The Police Committee met at the Mayor's office last night with Messrs. Yellman, Bruce, Maloney, Treacy and Benckart present.

A complaint was presented which set forth that the saloon of G. W. Gray, on Main street, opposite the Phoenix, is a nuisance on account of the loafers who collect in front of the place, noise and disturbances, etc. Chief of Police Lusby appeared before the Committee and stated that the house was run in a very loose manner and was a decidedly "tough" place. He presented a list of names of the men and boys who congregated in and about the establishment, which made anything but an impression favorable to the proprietor upon the Committee.

The matter was discussed by the members at length, and after hearing the Chief's graphic report, the sentiment was largely in favor of revoking Mr. Gray's license at once.

Mr. Benckart said Gray was a poor man and he disliked to take his business away from him without giving him a chance. Mr. Yellman voted with Mr. Benckart, believing that he should have one opportunity to run a more orderly house before being thrown out of business. The others voted to recommend the withdrawal of the license, and in this shape the matter will be brought before the Council at the next meeting. Chief Lusby stated that it was almost impossible for his men to keep the sidewalks clear at that point and frequent warnings failed to have any effect upon Mr. Gray.—Lexington Transcript.

This is a fair sample of the way they do things in this town.

Here are five men to whom the old aristocratic and high-toned people of this town have to go when they want a redress of their grievances. Benckart is a saloon keeper. Sometime since while he was a councilman, I went to him to get him to sign a petition to remove some houses of ill repute in front of which the finest ladies of the city, and the young lady pupils of the new "Industrial School" had to pass in going to that institution. Benckart refused to do so, assigning as his reason that the women of these houses were his customers.

Benckart also keeps a small corner grocery in connection with his saloon.

As a newspaper reporter I went once to see a family that were poisoned and suffering fearfully.

They told me that they were poisoned by meal that they got from Benckart's grocery.

Mr. Treacy used to be a saloon keeper on Doves street in this city; about as hard a part of the town as there is in it.

Mr. Bruce is the councilman who told me not long ago that whisky had killed his father, his two brothers his three grandsons and was going to kill him.

A life size portrait of him is frescoed on the walls of Lell's saloon, where blood and liquor flow pretty freely, and where a fearful bloody affair occurred that lately occupied our courts.

A companion piece to Mr. Bruce's picture is that of "Doc" Mooney, a saloon keeper who once pointed me to his own nose, with the air that a young fool brags on the coloring of his meerschaum pipe, and said, "the coloring of that nose cost me twenty thousand dollars."

Mr. Maloney is a plumber, and Mr. Yellman is city weigher.

There are plenty of people in this town who boost themselves on their aristocracy and their money and their religion, and they cringe before a Police Committee like that and are happy when then can get Benckart to smile on them.

They go to church and send money to the heathen. One of the missionaries that they sent to the heathen wrote back not long ago that the ship that carried him had three missionaries and four thousand barrels of rum.

These Christians warn their children against growing up to be bad men like Bob Ingersoll and Charlie Moore.

These people are the "high toned" people you read about in Bluegrass magazine literature.

Once there was a boy who swore, and his father told him he oughtn't to do.

"Why?" said the boy.

"Because you will go to hell," said the father.

"Bill Jones swears," said the boy.

"But he will go to hell, too," said the father.

"Well, damn him, I reckon I can stand it as long as he can," said the boy.

Whisky Plays Hell in a Preacher's Family.

Mrs. J. Harry Long, the eldest daughter of Rev. John S. Sweeney of Paris, Ky., the wife of a whisky warehouse gauger, at Midway, has deserted her husband and two children and run off with a saloon keeper named Jack Green.

The combination "Long-Green" sounds like a tobacco brand, and if she goes back on Jack, then we will have the other brand "Lone Jack."

It's awful; but that's the way we are doing here in Kentucky. "No chastisement for the present seemeth good, but after awhile it worketh the peaceable fruits of righteousness."

This thing will come home to our people after a while.

Elder Jno. S. Sweeney has been a great religious debater for years. His main subject is water, and the special thing to be determined is to find out how much of it it takes to baptize a fellow. I am 53 years old and I have been tired of hearing about it for at least forty years, and it seems to me that everybody else of any brains is the same way.

It will take something like this to make the preachers let water alone and tackle whisky.

Rev. Sweeney lives in Paris, the county seat of Bourbon, that furnishes the name for the double distilled hell fire that it sends all over the world—that is the Christian world; the Mahometans won't drink it, and the natives of Congo in Africa, have lately held a big Prohibition meeting, and said they would not take any more "Bourbon" in their.

Sometime ago a lady who believes in Brother Sweeney's religious faith, told me of a gentleman being elected to a high office in Paris. I had known of him as a most consistent Christian gentleman, and a member of Brother Sweeney's church. I expressed surprise that a man of that kind could get to be elected to an office in Paris. "Yes, but he has been drinking a good deal for some time back," said the lady.

I suppose that some of the big gest whisky men in Bourbon county are members of Brother Sweeney's church.

The names of people of every shade, in Kentucky, who were in

any way opposed to the whisky traffic have in some way attracted my attention. They have been Christians, Jews, Infidels and Spiritualists, old and young, black and white, rich and poor, drunk and sober, fools and smart men. But I have never yet heard of Rev. Sweeney making a Prohibition speech or taking a Prohibition paper, or going to a Prohibition convention or contributing to a Prohibition fund.

He and I have stood in the same pulpit in days gone by. Brother Craddock continually publishes in the main paper of his town, and one of the most prominent in the State, that I am trying to beat the whisky business; I have just sent a receipt to Mr. "Charlton Alexander, the richest man in Bourbon county, for \$2 hundred me for The Blade, and other nice people down there have showed that they appreciated my little paper, but Brother Sweeney has been so engaged with his water fight that he has never taken time to send me even an encouraging word in my whisky fight. But whisky has got it in for him, while he's been fooling with water and I'll bet \$2 that he will hear about the Bluegrass Blade now.

I suppose he is practically in hell now, and I am sorry for him, but it's going to take just such things as this to bring the preachers to their senses; and I say let them come.

I have been hearing for years how "popular" Brother Sweeney is. It's a mighty bad sign in a place like Paris.

My views on this thing of a man running off with another man's wife are peculiar, but I will give them for what they are worth.

I think that all the *dramatis personae* in this little episode except Brother Sweeney are to be congratulated.

I think Jack is to be congratulated that he got the woman that he wanted, and that Mrs. Long is to be congratulated that she got the fellow that she wanted, and that Mr. Long is to be congratulated that he got rid of the woman that didn't want him.

He "wants but little here below, nor wants that little Long" that ran off from him.

They had a case like that one in Harrodsburg not long ago. A fellow ran off with another fellow's wife, and the man that lost her was distressed nearly to death about it. I think he ought to have sent the fellow that stole her a chromo.

Kill him the dickens! No, the fellow that steals another fellow's wife is the last man in the world that the other fellow ought to want to kill.

Go it old John Barleycorn! I'm a betting on you. I don't see how the Prohibition party could get along without you. When you do start out to make a Prohibition lecture you make one that lays it over Mrs. Henry, or George Bain, or Dickie or Thomas, or any of them.

Once during the war I was riding along beside my splendid handsome brother-in-law, Major Thomas Y. Brent, who was afterward killed under Morgan.

A magnificent park of brass cannon and caissons of ammunition came rolling by, that they had captured from the Yankees. He looked at them and said, "I don't see how we could carry on the war if it wasn't for the Yankees."

That's the way with the Prohibitionists. Our batteries wouldn't amount to a hill of beans if the whisky enemy didn't furnish us ammunition like this to fire back at them.

Shoot it to them all along the line brethren, and we'll get there.

Old Scott County Heard From.

STAMPING GROUND, KY., January 21, 1891.

C. C. Moore, Esq.

Dear Sir:—I wrote you a letter some time ago about the time of the suppression of the second issue of The Blade, and while things seemed hottest for you; when you had taken refuge in Dog Fennel, for fear that some of your wife's relatives might get hurt, and the Bluegrass cease to vegetate; in which letter I have a distinct recollection of saying I wanted The Blade if published again.

It comes regularly, and instead of one, two numbers. This is more than I ask, yet I manage to read 'em both, and always find out

before I get through that they are the same.

No, my good old friend Dr. Chinn, grand man that he is, objects to your monkeying with too many subjects in your paper, especially when religion is to get a back hander ever and anon. I will suggest this only now, that the rule that Paul submitted is good for all men, to wit: "Let not then your good be evil spoken of." But you will do as you please no doubt, whether Dr. Chinn thinks there is any sense in it or not.

Every man has his own way of killing snakes, and he who manifests the earnestness and zeal that you do, in killing the infernal snake of the still, must be allowed to use his own way about it, and when that job is over then we can have leisure for other minor questions.

To be silent you think now would be a sin. You are right.

Let me say just here that having been an observer for a good while I have seen many things that have made my heart sick.

For example, Rev. Mr. B. will not commit himself fully on public occasions to Prohibition, though a temperance man.

Why will he not? Bread and butter come largely from the other side. It would cut off supplies may be. And what is true of Mr. B. is true of Mr. C.

C. thinks the church to which I preach will not like me so well if I become identified with temperance.

The spirit permeates all ranks of society from the President of our colleges down to the common school teacher.

Patronage, money, bread, all are involved, and they can not stand the racket. I know of preachers in old Scott, who will not touch Prohibition with a ten foot pole, and they seem to imagine that people do not know the reason; but in this they are mistaken.

We know your reason gentlemen, and we trust that a quickened conscience may arouse you to a sense of your duty, and action in harmony therewith.

You will learn through the Georgetown Times and Enterprise, that some of the good people of Scott, and of Georgetown especially, are moving in the direction of temperance.

I have but one idea about the great evil, Prohibition first, last and all the time.

My sons, your sons, our neighbors sons are exposed to this great evil, and these emissaries of hell delight in nothing so much as to ensnare my son or yours.

Then let not the temperance man mince his words, nor falter in his utterances, but let him be as bold as a lion, and let him say spade when he means a spade. I have a son in your city at college. I pray for him continually that he may be delivered from the curse of whisky.

May God save our country from this impending ruin.

Is it necessary to say inclosed find \$2 for The Blade?

Yours till the Blue fades out of The Blade. C. L. Ford.

I think Brother Ford is a minister. Dr. Chinn and I are all solid. Have just gotten a note from him. "Rev. Mr. B." spoken of has no reference to any allusion, but it's a good stagger for this town.

The old Prohibits are going to make one half of the preachers make it pretty warm far the other half.

Talk about fighting the devil with fire!

Editor.

Committeeman G. M. Brooks. Tenders His Resignation.

Mr. G. M. Brooks makes me the bearer of a letter to Chairman Harris, at the Louisville Convention, offering his resignation as a member of the State Executive Committee.

Mr. Brooks has been the most active and efficient committeeman that I have known.

He offers the fact that he has served two terms, and the further fact that the duties of the position trespass upon his time, while he is employed by a business house, as an apology for his resignation. The party owes him its thanks.

TAYLOR & HAWKINS,

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F. B. BOSWORTH.